

# JEROME STIRS HAMMERSTEIN

TO LIBEL AND A DESIRE TO BE  
SLED THEREFOR.

District Attorney Called "A Travesty" and Other Things, and Dared by the Theatrical Manager to Sue—TALKS MORE ABOUT THE RISKS TO PLAYERS.

District Attorney Jerome is getting information every day about the theatres. He said yesterday that he had been informed that one of the theatres had recently had been wired for lighting purposes in a way that was criminal. Mr. Jerome thinks that the theatres are not the best safety appliance in case of fire.

"The efficiency of the asbestos curtain now in use is a delusion," he said. "Asbestos is of such a character that if the curtain was made entirely of it the first gust of wind would blow it apart. On the other hand, if there is enough cotton in the curtain to make it stand up and tear there is so little asbestos that it is not fire proof."

Mr. Jerome thinks that a steel shutter, such as is used in store fronts, should be used as a curtain. "In that case," he said, "the auditorium would be shut off from the stage, where most fires occur."

Mr. Jerome also thinks that the theatres should be inspected before every performance. Each theatre, he said, has a skylight which is held in place by tarred ropes. In a fire the ropes are burned at once, the skylight slides back and the heat is let out of the theatre.

"That is a good step in making a theatre safe—if the skylight slides back," Jerome said. "But as a matter of fact it does not work that way in cold weather. Then the skylight freezes and it cannot move. It might be made to be compulsory for an inspector to work the skylight back and forward at least half an hour before each performance."

Oscar Hammerstein poured out his wrath over Mr. Jerome's remarks about the theatres yesterday. A notable letter, of which this is the substance:

William Jerome, Esq., District Attorney City of New York:

DEAR BOY: When I criticised you and Mr. Croker's allegations in reference to the safety of the theatres of this city, I knew full well that this would make me a "marked" man, and so you now nag against me in a cold way, to smite me and throw my flesh to the dogs. Be calm, Willie, be calm, for I'm going to be your benefactor. I will show you that you have been mistaken in the selection of your career, and that the part of a tumbler on the stage is what Nature has really ordained you for.

So you visited the Fields Theatre, of which you know I am the owner, to detect violations of the law. You came in the company of Sheriff Hanson of Texas, a stout, heavy man, as you describe him, and as your witness, I presume. Willie, you are a bad lawyer. Never take a fat man or a fat woman to a theatre. They are always disgraced, and you are disgraced for persons of natural dimensions only. You should have taken your friend the Texas sheriff to a jail, to illustrate the gravity of our authorities, and not providing bowlers and billiard rooms to unfortunate prisoners.

So you took your friend the Sheriff to my theatre, and you and he got a good look at the staircases leading to and from the galleries. There you made a horrible discovery. These stairs had no handrails, nine turns and nine landings, and you immediately concluded that these stairs were dangerous to life and limb. Transversely, you are dangerous to life and limb, and I appeal to you, as District Attorney, not to allow yourself to be at large. Why, you are not even loud enough to be heard at such a distance, especially in a theatre, are the safest imaginable in the world.

Don't you know that the longer and straighter a staircase is, the more dangerous it is? It is an accident that a fall of one person on such stairs leads to the fall of every one behind. Our Building Department, composed of men of whom I have never grown gray in their calling of architects, engineers and builders, told you upon an inquiry of this subject, that these stairs are lawful and correct. You, however, without a license, publicly declared them to be to the contrary.

And you also found that some of the electric brackets in the walls were so low as to graze the head of a passerby, and especially you laid, stout Texas friend. This you consider another matter to life and limb. Now, listen, little Willie. An electric bracket in a theatre has also a gas connection; you turn this on in case of an accident to the electric facilities. It is to be placed sufficiently low to be in reach of a small person—a wise and efficient precaution, which even such as you will have to admit.

You must have examined the structure still further, but you didn't see it. You must have seen the fact that the structure in the side walls, four on each balcony and four in the auditorium. You must have seen them (plainly lettered) leading to a large open alley on each side. You must have noticed the ponderous iron doors, landings and stairs in these alleys leading directly to the street. You must have noticed that iron, steel, granite, brick and cement are the components of this building. You must have been made aware of the fact by Mr. Croker, who examined the structure before it was open to the public, that the floor of the left above the stage consists of hundreds of lengths of perforated pipe connected with the structure above the roof. (The law requires but one.) You must have seen that by one turn of a crank down the stage, 10,000 gallons of water would descend, quenching a tiny flame or incipient conflagration.

These things you didn't mention. You only referred to the "discovery" of the spoken of before. And with these two "discoveries," untrue in description and false in purpose, you mean to alarm the public as to the safety of the theatres in general and my theatre in particular. I am a theatrical manager; I am a representative of a noble calling. My theatre is my life, my reputation is my pride. You have injured both maliciously and unprovokedly. What redress has a citizen who is injured by a man in a high office? I will try and solve the problem.

I accompany this letter with another. In this last one I express my opinion of you, your character and your antecedents, and all in plain English at that. A copy of this letter I will expose to any one wishing to see it. This gives you ground for a libel suit. I want you to sue me for libel; I want to force you to sue me for libel, you William Jerome, you travesty of a District Attorney.

Sue me and go with me before a Judge and jury.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

Symphony Orchestra Plays Princeton Man's Composition.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 16.—The New York Symphony Orchestra, with Walter Damrosch as leader, gave its second concert of the season before the Princeton students this evening. With the orchestra was Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, who sang several selections from grand opera. The Princeton festival organ, the last number on the programme, was composed by Charles L. Young, '83, son of Charles A. Young of the Princeton faculty.

S. D. Works Dies on a Train.  
CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—While on his way home from New York, Samuel D. Works, head of the operating, manufacturing and construction departments of the National Biscuit Company, died suddenly yesterday as the train was passing through Elmhurst, Ill. The cause of his death is not known, but it is believed that he had been suffering from heart disease. Mr. Works was 56 years old and had long been a resident of this city.

# SNATCHERS SNATCHED.

Count Wouldn't Let Girl Be Merciful—The Captain's Diamond—6 Months for Crooks.

Seventeen-year-old Sam Guner of 237 East Seventh street was a star in the left column of the police court yesterday accused of snatching a pocketbook with \$10 in it from Josephine Slewin, a nurse, of 225 East Fortieth street. Policeman Ross told Magistrate Flammer that the young woman had turned over the prisoner to him on Fourteenth street near Fifth avenue.

"She said he grabbed her purse, took \$10 from it and when she caught hold of him threw it away."

"Is this true?" asked Magistrate Flammer.

"It's true," replied Miss Slewin, "but I won't swear to it. This poor young man ought to have another chance. I am sorry for him now."

The Magistrate told the girl that the matter no longer lay in her discretion. She persisted in her refusal to be sworn. "I will have no trifling," said Magistrate Flammer. "You shall go to jail for contempt."

Finally the young woman yielded and swore to the complaint, and Guner was held for trial on a \$1000 bond.

Mr. H. B. Christensen, manager for a sewing machine company at 142 East Fifty-ninth street, charged Edward Blair, 22 years old, of 136 West Third-fifth street with attempting to take a \$125 diamond pin from his necktie on a Sixth avenue car near Thirty-fourth street.

"I had the same thing happen to me a month ago," said Capt. Christensen. "The day I came to that place I have kept a sharp lookout. This prisoner began work as he boarded the car. He gave me one look at my diamond, then he slid his newspaper up till it almost touched my chin. My hand went up to my necktie, and he grabbed it. He stole a sure his wrist a jin-jitsu twist and he was on his knees crying 'It's a mistake. Let me go.'"

"Yes, says I, 'It's a mistake, but you made it, for that pin was fastened down.'"

"Then I turned him over to the police," Blair said. "I was a hellboy, but I was sick to work. He denied any wrongdoing. Detective Sergeant McMullen said he was a well known crook and that his picture was in the ragged gallery. He was held in \$1000 bail for trial."

Three men who gave their names as Jim Ayres, John Clark and John Coninsky were sent up as suspects for the same crime.

As Miss Jennie Lawrence of 100 Thirteenth street, Hoboken, was on her way home from shopping in New York yesterday she was grabbed from her hand near the entrance to the Christopher street ferry. Detectives Carmody and Kiefer of the Third street police station caught her and took her into a station. She was holding the pocketbook. At the station house she said that she was John Smith of 531 Greenwich street. The stolen purse contained \$20 and a bottle of perfume.

# HURRY CALL FOR COHEN.

Eleven Found in the Manhattan Theatre in a Search for a Fire Victim.

Just before the second act of Mrs. Fiske's play at the Manhattan Theatre ended last night an excited boy ran into the theatre and demanded that Mr. Cohen be dragged forth from the audience at once.

"His sister is on fire," said the boy, when he was asked why he wanted Cohen, "and he's in the audience. He's got to be found. The boy was told that Mr. Cohen could not be disturbed there, and he hurried away. When the act was over the ushers went through the audience asking Mr. Cohen to step out to the box office.

According to Treasurer Samuelson, who is a truthful man, eleven Cohen's showed up at the box office last night. Five of them were the same Cohen, the other five showed no interest in fires. The six storekeepers got Cohen out of the theatre and started away, each in different direction.

# REJANE SAILS AWAY.

Hoping to Act Here Next Time in a Playhouse Distinctively French.

Rejane, the French actress, who sailed yesterday with her daughter by the French line steamship La Touraine for Havre, found her cabin smothered in flowers from admirers when she went aboard. She said she expected to return to New York in a year, when she had been told, plans for a theatre for her here would be perfected. She said she was delighted to have the French portrait with the verses beneath it facsimile. The purchaser was Mr. Howe, a private collector, who paid \$325 for the item.

# High Prices for Shakespeare Folios.

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—At the continued book auction sale of the library of the late Arthur M. Knapp to-day several rare books were disposed of, the interest centering in the sale of the second and fourth folios of a quarto edition of the works of Shakespeare. The second folio of 1623, with the 1608 portrait, but with some leaves in facsimile, was bought upon order for \$129. The fourth folio had the Drouot portrait with the verses beneath it facsimile. The purchaser was Mr. Howe, a private collector, who paid \$325 for the item.

# Pastor Haas's Resignation Accepted.

At a meeting of the congregation of the Mulberry Street German Lutheran Church in Newark last night the resignation of the pastor, the Rev. F. R. C. Haas, was submitted and accepted without discussion and by a unanimous vote.

# GRAPE-NUTS.

# READS THE BOOK

"The Road to Wellville" Pointed the Way.

Down at Hot Springs, Ark., the visitors have all sorts of complaints, but it is a subject of remark that the great majority of them have been afflicted with constipation. This may be partly attributed to the heavy medicines.

Naturally, under the conditions, the question of food is very prominent.

A young man states that he had suffered for nine years from stomach and bowel trouble, had two operations which did not cure, and was at last threatened with appendicitis.

He went to Hot Springs for rheumatism and his stomach trouble got worse. One day at breakfast the waiter, knowing his condition, suggested he try Grape-Nuts and cream, which he did, and found the food agreed with him perfectly.

After the second day he began to sleep peacefully at night, different than he had before. The perfect digestion of the food quieted his nervous system and his sleep possible.

He says: "The next morning I was astonished to find my condition of constipation had disappeared. I could not believe it true after suffering for so many years; then I took more interest in the food, read the little book 'The Road to Wellville' and started following the simple directions."

"I have met with such results that in the last five weeks I have gained eight pounds in spite of hot baths, which take away the flesh from my one."

"If I had been entirely cured of a bad case of indigestion and stomach trouble by using Grape-Nuts Food and cream alone for breakfast, I have noticed a great change in my mental condition. Formerly I could hardly remember anything, but now I can remember unusually acute and retentive. I can memorize practically anything I desire." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

# "DIE FLEDERMAUS" GIVEN.

MR. CONRIED'S GRAND OPERA  
OPERA WITH CONCERT ADDED

Johann Strauss's Popular Work Sung, Danced and Spoken by Stars of the Opera Company—Grand Opening in the Ballroom Scene of the Second Act—Mr. Dippel Makes a Notable Hit.

Johann Strauss's opera, "Die Fledermaus," was performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House before a large audience which paid double the customary prices of admission to hear this work. It was the first time the opera had been given in the house and the first time it was ever presented in this country with a cast of singers drawn from the field of grand opera. These are pregnant facts, big importance, and not to be treated lightly by any frivolous observer of passing events.

The last time "Die Fledermaus" was performed in New York was on Jan. 1, 1900, when it was given by the Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theatre. Questions may possibly arise from this, because W. A. Stewart, who sang the warden, Reginald Robert, the English tenor, Gertrude Quinlan, the English soprano, and the English baritone, had all been guilty of assaults on Broadway roles in grand opera. However, that was not a particularly good performance, and it must be confessed that Mr. Conried's performance was much better at his theatre in Irving Place.

Last night's presentation was inflated beyond the appearance of a high-classed singer in the principal roles, but by the interpolation of a sort of Sunday night concert in the ballroom scene of the second act, the most important members of Mr. Conried's company, not in the cast of the work, were enabled to make their contributions to the evening of a hard working impresario.

It is particularly difficult to arrive at a critical point from which to judge the musical performance. Certainly, those who attended it were not invited to consider it purely in the light of its adequacy as an interpretation of the original work of Strauss, but in the light of its adequacy as a musical entertainment.

The rest of the evening, after a rattle of laughter, "why, that comes from the count, the countess and the count everywhere. Took the professors seven years to put me together. Ever see my cousin? He wasn't a vegetarian like me, but he was a vegetarian like me. I heard they put him up alongside of me soon. Deindeon's his name. Guess we won't fight now, ha, ha, ha. And his entire articulation rattled evenly."

The guests finally began to leave, and the dinner seemed to lose interest in the story of his life. The guests finally began to leave, and the dinner seemed to lose interest in the story of his life.

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# THE DINOSAUR ENTERTAINERS.

A Social Tea to Celebrate His Arrival in the National History Museum.

Henry Fairfield Osborn, D. Costa professor of zoology at Columbia University, entertained a distinguished company yesterday at a dinosaur tea, probably the first of its kind, in the Museum of Natural History. Merrie K. Jessup, J. Pierpont Morgan, Prof. Osborn and Director Bumpus received the guests. The tea and chocolate tables presided over by Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Bumpus, Mrs. H. W. Miller, Mrs. W. P. Hamilton, Mrs. Herbert Parsons and Miss Morgan.

"A dinosaur," the catalogue relates, "is an egg laying, cold blooded reptile passed from the same stock as that which gave rise to the lizards, crocodiles, turtles and snakes. Its total length is 60 feet 3 inches, and its estimated weight is 4 tons."

The affair of yesterday was a private view for about 500 guests of the reptile newly put in the museum. To-day the public can see it.

While the guests were discussing tea and the dinosaur, THE SUN reporter interviewed the guest of the occasion.

"I seem to be about it, don't I?" said his dinosaurship. "How did I say? I don't remember exactly, some three or four million years before there were any men at all, and it may be more. Great times we had. No tea in those days."

"Am I an American?" Certainly. I used to live in a kind of lagoon among the Rockies. A secret in your ear."

The old boy tried to lift his claw to whisper under, but the iron articulation of his great skeleton held him fast.

"Guess they're gone where they want me," he laughed. "What I was going to say is, I'm not all here. See what I mean? Only about two-thirds of me is here. I was sleeping in Bone Cabin quarry, Wyoming. I'd been snoozing a few million years, more or less, when, in 1870, the professors came along and began to dig me up. I was sore, to be waked up; but I am a dinosaur."

Being a stranger, his antediluvian pun was condoned.

"The rest of me?" he went on, after a rattle of laughter, "why, that comes from the count, the countess and the count everywhere. Took the professors seven years to put me together. Ever see my cousin? He wasn't a vegetarian like me, but he was a vegetarian like me. I heard they put him up alongside of me soon. Deindeon's his name. Guess we won't fight now, ha, ha, ha. And his entire articulation rattled evenly."

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# READJUSTMENT

OF YOUR  
LIFE INSURANCE

Most policies over ten years in force can be doubled in insurance value without increasing premium outlay. Send for booklet on "Expert Advice in Life Insurance," containing information and references.

ROYAL S. GOLDSBURY, 253 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

# SHOT HERSELF IN A STATION.

DIVORCED VIRGINIA WOMAN  
TRIES TO KILL HERSELF.

Mrs. Nance Pollard Shoots Herself in the Reading Terminal in Philadelphia—Corset Steel Saves Her Life—Police Think She Was Seeking a Man.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16.—Shortly after 2 o'clock this afternoon, during the busiest hour in the Reading Terminal, a well dressed young woman shot herself. There was a panic, and the woman was seriously crushed by the curious crowd before the police could get to her. She was taken to a hospital, where she gave her name as Laura Young and said the shooting was an accident.

The police ascertained that the woman's real name is Mrs. Nance Pollard, that she is of a good Virginia family, and assert that she went into the terminal loaded for other game. Failing to find it she shot herself.

Mrs. Pollard has lived in Philadelphia for several months. Her marriage was secret, and so was her divorce not long ago. There are only a few friends who ever knew of either. She has been living with her sister, who has a residence on suburban Woodland avenue. The pistol made a slight wound only, and after treatment and questioning by detectives she was allowed to go. She is about 25 years old, and is evidently cultured.

A few days ago, according to Mrs. Pollard's sister, she returned a bundle of letters to a man who had visited her recently. This man is a clubman and has good social standing. When she left home this morning she told her sister that she wished she was dead. A little while afterward she bought a revolver with which she was shot. It is an expensive one, pearl mounted and 22 calibre. Then she went to the terminal.

She was sitting close to the young woman, and my attention was attracted by her nervousness. She appeared to be waiting for some one who had failed to appear. I saw her take a small revolver from her waist bag and stick the muzzle under her waist. Then she saw me watching, drew the revolver out, replaced it in the bag, and walked away.

A few minutes later she came back to the same seat, and again brought out the revolver. There were many people about, and she was still watching her closely. She put the weapon away again and began to walk the floor. I had just made up my mind she was gone for good, when she came back and took the same seat.

"This time her face was very set. She pulled the pistol out of the bag, put the muzzle under her jacket and there was a report. She fell across this seat and was so pale I thought her dead."

The train clerk got to her side quickly. He found her on the ground and put her in the ambulance. The ambulance was called and the station police had their hands full. The bullet had struck a corset steel and inflicted only a slight wound.

The detectives, Mrs. Pollard said: "I didn't wish to shoot myself. I had the revolver and didn't even know it was loaded. I was looking at it when a woman next me dropped a box of candy. The noise made me jump and the pistol went off. I bought the weapon to send to my brother."

YACHT NARADA SAILS.  
Henry Walters's Boat Leaves for a Cruise in Foreign Waters.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Feb. 16.—At 10:30 o'clock this morning Henry Walters's steam yacht Narada, N. Y. C., started from the Central Vermont Line pier on a four month cruise in foreign waters. Many of the friends of Dudley Brand, captain of the Narada, were on hand to wish him and his crew a pleasant voyage.

As the Narada steamed out of port musicians aboard played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the trim craft soon disappeared past Montauk Point out into the Atlantic. The Narada's first stop will be at St. Michael's, in the Azores, where she will coal, and then proceed to Gibraltar. There Mr. Walters is expected to meet the yacht.

# DEAD MAN NOT MADE TO WALK.

But Mr. McAdoo Wants to Hear From Doctor Who Attended E. S. Goodale.

Commissioner McAdoo, who has been investigating the circumstances surrounding the death of E. S. Goodale, the Water-ton merchant, who died suddenly at 166 West Forty